

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS GUL'D WITH CARE."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1811.

1163

Vol. XXII.

## VIRTUOUS ATTACHMENT.

### A MORAL TALE.

*Firum sola et am co nobilis.*

A very elegant villa near Hertfordshire, Mr. Woodward, a gentleman of considerable fortune. He married when very young, selected upon his wife, who was a most amiable virtuous woman, with the fondness of life. But alas! human happiness fleets like a passing shadow; for Heaven was pleased to take this gentleman of her in whom he placed his joy, soon after she had brought him many daughters. This melancholy event affected him so much, that is brought on a depression of spirits, which he laboured under for many years. Time, however, which wears the memory of the severest afflictions, at length restored Mr. Woodward to his usual cheerfulness. He now turned his whole attention to his daughter Emilia, who had been for a number of years instructed in the house by a worthy man, an elderly gentleman, of a most benevolent and unblemished character. He had taken peculiar care to instill into her youthful mind the principles of knowledge and religion, and taught her that beautifying the mind was infinitely greater consequence than adorning the person, and that the glitter of wealth and the mere beauty were of no real worth, unless accompanied with a polished understanding and virtuous heart.

Mr. Woodward found, with pleasure, that his daughter, who had now attained the age of sixteen, had endeared herself to all around her. To the sweet handsomeness of shape, a good engaging countenance, and the most amiable manners, she added the far superior charms of goodness of disposition; but her father, being always accustomed to a high sphere of life, although he possessed good principles, had trouble, which Emilia discovered with regret, that his greatest pleasure consisted in power and ostentation, and that he shone in the high rank the chief object of his ambition. His great concern now was to find a match for his daughter, whom he could consider equal in birth and fortune; and he turned his eyes upon a Mr. Singleton, a neighbouring gentleman, who was of similar opinions with himself, as the future husband of Emilia. She however, had previously fixed her affections on a much more worthy object.

Mr. Charles Wilford, the only son of a respectable surgeon, who had long lived in his neighbourhood, was the most engaging of Emilia's numerous admirers. His father died when Charles was very young, and having owned a good many debts, left but little money. Being separated with Emilia from her infancy, Charles had been the happy possessor of her heart; and indeed a young man more deserving she could not have chosen. He united the most pleasing address, and a most pleasing heart, to a manly and captivating form. The sole spring of his attractions was Emilia's intrinsic merit, and who did he decline against those who could be willing to make an union with a woman

from whom their hearts were far distant, merely out of mercenary views.

Mr. Woodward had long a suspicion of his daughter's choice. He often questioned her on the subject, and at last insisted on knowing the truth, when she ingeniously confessed that her heart was fixed on Charles Wilford. He was very much displeased at this confirmation of what he feared was the case, and told Emilia in an angry tone, that he had more suitable match in view for her, and informed her who he was. At the mention of the name Singleton, the torn pale, the tears started from her eyes, and she implored her father not to think of such a man to be her partner for life, for she understood he was a man of very loose principles; that she had heard many things concerning him, which rebounded very little to his honor; and that his affected and foppish behaviour persuaded her they were not without foundation. Mr. Woodward stared in a wild and angry manner at Emilia, and then said she ought not to believe every scandalous report, for that he knew better, and he hoped he did not doubt his judgment. "Oh no! dear father," she replied, "far from it; God knows I would not for the world be wanting in any point of duty to you, but I hope you will never insist on my union with a man whom I cannot esteem." "And I am determined," (replied Mr. Woodward,) "you shall never, with my consent, marry a poor country surgeon." He then flung out of the room, and left Emilia in such a state of perplexity and grief that she burst into a flood of tears, and sunk down upon the sofa. Mr. Woodward had hurried out to indulge his passions in a solitary walk, and Charles, who was passing by chance, having observed him come from the house, stepped in to enquire for his beloved Emilia. But he was struck with equal grief and surprise, on entering the room, to find her bathed in tears; and anxiously enquired the cause of her distress. She reluctantly explained to him what had passed; but she was still more astonished when he acquainted her, that he understood from his friend her father had resolved she should marry Mr. Singleton next day, otherwise he would deny her his house for ever. At this information on Emilia's wrong hands in agony, but Charles endeavoured to console her, and after much hesitation on her part, brought her to the resolution of setting out with him in a post-chaise early in the morning for London, where, having been recommended by several friends as a young man of uncommon abilities, he fortunately procured a handsome settlement as assistant surgeon to Greenwich hospital. Having arranged their plan, Charles took his leave for the day. Emilia passed a sleepless night; she struggled long between her duty to her father and her promise to Charles; a thousand times she resolved to yield to her father's commands, and as often her mind shuddered at the idea of an union with Singleton.

The long wished for dawn at length began to appear, when the rattling of the carriage announced the approach of her faithful Charles. She hurried on her clothes, and having with a trembling hand opened the back door of the house, she slipped cautiously out, without awa-

king any of the servants. Words cannot express the joy which Mr. Wilford felt when he was seated in the carriage with his beloved Emilia; but she was in such terror lest her father should be apprised of her departure with Charles and dispatch some person to overtake them on the road, that for a long time she could scarcely utter a word. When they had got out of sight of the house, they drove on easily through by-ways, and at length reached London, where they were married immediately on their arrival.

Mr. Woodward, when he learned what had happened, only said with an angry sneer, that he should never trouble himself more concerning her. But ah! kind Nature! thou dost not soon fail to move a parent's heart; for often does the tear of parental pity and regret soften the stern decree of short lived passion.

Mr. Woodward having apologized in the best manner he could to Mr. Singleton for this disappointment of his hopes, (which, however did not give that gentleman much uneasiness,) continued to maintain aullen silence, and would scarcely open his mouth even to his servants. A circumstance soon occurred, however, which melted his obdurate heart. As he sat at breakfast one morning, indulging in his mind the most severe reflections against Emilia, his servant entered the room, and put in his hands a post letter from London. Mr. Woodward gave a few moments at the seal, which was impressed on black wax; he then opened it with a trembling hand, and read as follows—

"How will you be able to bear the deplorable news of the death of your daughter, Mrs. Wilford! She took so much to heart your having debarr'd her your house, on no other account than the having joined herself to a virtuous man, that she fell into a consumption, and survived but a short time after her marriage—I can add no more, but remain, with heartfelt sorrow,

A FRIEND.

Mr. Woodward's feelings on the perusal of this letter can be more easily conceived than described. He remained a few minutes speechless; then struck his breast and exclaimed, 'Wretched man that I am, I have killed the best of daughters!' He perused the letter again but though the hand writing was perfectly familiar to him, his mind was in such a state that he could not recollect the name of the writer, but concluded he had concealed, lest the signature of an intimate friend at a letter which communicated such a melancholy event, should prove the greater shock to his feelings. He renewed his reproaches against himself, and exclaimed; 'God of mercy, forgive me—I opposed the free choice of my child, and thou hast punished me as I deserved.' He then resolved to set off the next morning for London, to seek out the unhappy Mr. Wilford, to implore his forgiveness, and join in his sorrow. Having passed the day in all the bitterest pangs of an upbraiding conscience, he retired to rest, directing his servant to awake him in the morning to set out on his journey—But sleep, which over lies the couch of the guilty, did not that night close the eyes

of the wretched Mr. Woodward. Dreadful ideas continually rushed upon his mind. Sometimes he figured to himself the lovely Emily in the last stage of a mortal disease; sometimes he thought he saw her pale corpse stretched upon the bier; and such a state of horror was he in, that even the striking of the clock appalled his shuddering soul.

Mr. Woodward's servant at last rapped at his door, when he started up, hurried on his clothes, and departed with the utmost expedition.

To be concluded.

## SUICIDE.

Madame Augue having been personally attached to the late Queen of France, expected to suffer under the execrable tyranny of Robespierre. She often declared to her sister, Madame Campan, that she never would wait the execution of the order of arrest, and that she was determined to die rather than fall into the hands of the executioner. Madame Campan endeavoured, by the principles of morality and philosophy, to persuade her sister to abandon this desperate resolution; and in her last visit, as if she had foreseen the fate of this unfortunate woman, she added, "Wait the future with resignation, some fortunate occurrence may turn aside the fate you fear, even at the moment you may believe the danger to be greatest." Soon afterwards the guards appeared before the house where Madame Augue resided, to take her to prison. Firm in her resolution to avoid the ignominy of execution, she ran to the top of the house, threw herself from the balcony, and was taken up dead. As they were carrying her corpse to the grave, the attendants were obliged to turn aside to let pass—the cart which conveyed Robespierre to the scaffold !!



## FILIAL AFFECTION.

A gentleman of Sweden was condemned to suffer death for certain offences committed in the discharge of a public office which he had filled for a number of years. His son, a youth of about 18 years, was no sooner apprised of the predicament of the author of his being, than he flew to the judge who had pronounced the fatal sentence, and prayed that he might be suffered to die for a father he adored and whom he could hardly persuade that the youth was sincere in his request. But being at length convinced that he wished to save the life of his father, the expense of his own, he wrote an account of the whole affair to the King, who immediately dispatched back the courier with orders to grant a full pardon to the father, and to confer a title of honor on the incomparable son ! This mark of royal favor, however, with all humility he begged leave to decline; and the motive for the refusal was not less noble than the conduct by which he deserved it, was generous and disinterested. "Of what avail," cried he, "could the most exalted title be to me, humbled as my family is already in the dust? also! would it not serve as a monument to perpetuate in the minds of my countrymen the dismal remembrance of an unhappy father's shame ! " The king actually shed tears when this speech was repeated to him, and sending for the youth to court, immediately appointed him to the office of his private confidential secretary.

**SCRAP**—A man who has competency, with a good understanding, a quiet temper, and a benevolent heart, enjoys as much happiness as human nature is capable of receiving.

## FOR THE NEW YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

### THE FLOWER.

BY JOHN LAWRENCE.

On the golden breast of May,  
There hung a flower—  
It bloomed to life—it lived a day,  
And smiled but for an hour.

Twice the glory of the morn  
That gave it birth;  
Then dropped it on the beach for low,  
To deck the rugged earth.

Twice the glory of the night  
That saw it die,  
Then sickness pale, and hid her light  
In clouds that blotted her.

On the tempest was unkind,  
And storn the shower,  
And cruel was the onward wind  
That wretched sweetest flower.

Known to few, is lived unseen  
Where wild birds roost;  
Oblivious is only screen,  
The wilderness its home.

Yet the bee with busy care,  
Perched on its breast,  
Ever sought in vain for treasure there,  
To stow the distant nest.

Long its beauties might have bloomed,  
And cheered the wild,  
And with its fragrance, now consumed,  
The fugitive begat.

But the gust that laid it low  
To kiss the ground,  
Chilled the fair bud—ceased to grow  
And drops its scented mud.

So when rudeness blows the blast,  
The tender mind  
Exposed on sorrows dreary waste,  
Alive to woe—declined.

Ah! I've drawn my drooping friend,  
Fair Virtue's child—  
There are who love the heart to send,  
And dip the flower that smiled.

### BEAUTY AND WORTH.

HOW much superior beauty aves,  
The coldest bloomers find—  
But with resolution there it does,  
To sense and sweetness find.

The casket, where to outward show,  
The workman's art is seen,  
Is doubly valued when we know  
It holds a gem within.

### CUPID'S KNIGHT.

Little cupids quite a stranger,  
To his native home the heart;  
After wealth a connoisseur ranger  
Trucking with a pedlar's art.

Nature's language plain and simple  
He no longer deigns to prize  
Seldom sports he in the simple  
Seldom visits sparkling eyes

Tracts of land and bags of money  
He knows how estimate  
And e'er you taste hymen's honey  
You must learn to calculate.

**REMARK**—On, and until we get uppermost.

## EXTRAORDINARY INVENTION.

A very remarkable and useful invention is recently in Peruvian's Moral Disquisitions, ascribed to Rev. Samuel Brown, a New England clergyman of exemplary life and eminent abilities.

In the full vigor of his powers, when his judgment was clear, and his reason sound and conclusive, at this period he published a *Defense of the rights of Nature and of the Christian Religion*, in reply to Tinselli's *Christianity, as all the Christians ceased from the duties of his ministry, and retired in either public or private assemblies*. He said that he had fallen under the deep curse of God, who had caused his rational soul gradually to perish, and had left him only a sensual life, in company with the boisterous, that it was improper for him to pray, or to witness the prayer of others. The cause of his sudden and extreme illness was, he said, at the same time, thus accounted for, and will tell every one who reads it, repeat it, boast of the invention, for it was a most singular and useful discovery.

Mr. Brown and another minister were walking together near Hampshire, in a part of the road lined by a narrow foot path. His companion, as he passed the foot path, turned back to walk the other side. "It would be a shame," answered Mr. Brown, for a person, stout as we are, to be reduced by one man. Soon afterwards the foot path appeared, and when the other minister arrived in it, with the delirious man, Mr. Brown got behind him, and, holding him in his arms, threw him down and beat him, but did not strike him. His companion ran to his assistance, and soon returned. Mr. Brown rose again, but on detaching himself from the robber, found he had pressed him to death.

The shock of this event, with the previous ignition of mind, affected his brain so forcibly that he thought that God had taken away his soul from him, and had led it judicially, for his neglect of the divine rule of our Saviour.—**IF ANY MAN TAKE CLOAK, LET HIM TAKE THY COAT ALSO.**

## TREACHERY OF CONSCIENCE.

With a vengeance upon thee ! Why dost thou come at me with such fury now ? Why, you scoundrel as thou art, why didst thou not thyself be son to a recent crime ? Before the thing was done, scarce left thou after a wife or thy last. Then, if thou hadst evaded three or four men, might have withstood the d—l from the d—l and would have this hanging. But whilst the wights were for any thing, thou wast quiet as a lamb; wherefore, after the fact is done and cannot be remedied, the reaſon against me like a lion, I will say it, hold thy plow !

It was Patrick O'Shaunter, with his neck in the halter, expostulating with his own conscience. He had no reason on his side, rather in arms and then ready; for he had first abused his conscience and had no shelter now. True it is, if conscience avails a scoundrel, and in good season, might prevent most of the crimes which are committed in the world. But conscience paints the crime as hidefully before it was done, as afterwards in most instances it would not be done at all. It was powerful as a hedge to too late for prevention, like the turning of the crown to old Socratus' robe and skin he had actually received a blow. At the very naked time, when a temptation makes its assault and the wailing voice of conscience is most needed, this foolish knave is either asleep or off her guard. But no master is the dead dove and its penalty begins to be felt when she screams out her warnings and reproaches. This shows that even conscience itself needs remedying, as well as the other mortal faculties in depraved men. It shows too, that those who call themselves God's viceroy, and thus ascribe to it, a sort of mortal divinity, give it more than its just due. A really good conscience, is an inestimable friend; for it is a good and strong voice at the very approach of temptation. When it is an evil conscience, though till the sin is committed, and then rises like a lion, not for prevention, but to give torment.

## REMARK.

As unlettered man with a good capacity, is like a rough diamond, that every one wants to see polished

# The Weekly Museum.

NEW YORK, MAY 4, 181

## CORONER'S REPORTS.

On Friday, 26th ult. the body of Mr. Benjamin Chaplin, of William street, was taken out of the North River, drowned, by what means unascertained at the inquest.

On Saturday morning Mrs. Margaret Towler, of Spring-street, fell down dead in a fit of apoplexy, in a store at the Fly Market.

On Sunday morning an inquest was held on the body of Mr. Hugh McKenzie, of Lombard-street, who died by fits during the night before with asthma.

On Monday morning an inquest was held on the body of Mr. John Smith, who it appears that he had on Sunday evening thrown himself into the Batteries in a state of derangement, and was drowned. He had staved the day before with his parents, who are natives of Ireland, residents at Troy, where he was born. [The name of paper is that he glibhood, will you to copy this item, for the information of those concerned.]

## ST. DOMINGO.

The differences that appeared to have been subject between Petion and Rigaud, in the island of St. Domingo, (or Hayti) have burst into flame. A gentleman lately from Port-Principe, relates that strong symptoms of a conflict are now to be seen; the mulattoes and negroes, were victorious. The former were no savages in the districts of Cayes, the seat and centre of Rigaud's power. There is little security in this afflicted island for the lives or property of strangers; and still, which among people more civilized leads to open generous contest, where mercy to distinguished treaders are on the heels of victory, assumes the character of a massacre—cruelty, blood, and pronounces on slaughter, men, women, and children.

Bal. Whig.

After days since an inquest was taken upon the body of Sarah Crawford, there is a presumptive reason to believe, poured down her throat to effect her death, medical assistance was called to visit her, who was in a state of mortification (which prevent taking medicine) as her daughter expected her mother had swallowed some solder, which might be the cause of death. She had found a pistol in the chimney corner, some solder in it. She died the next day, the jury return a verdict of insanity, that the cause of her death was the mortification of her throat. — The husband of this poor woman, walked into the sea at South Sea Common, and drowned himself.

Lon. Pap.

## HORRID MURDER.

Paris, January 22.

The bulletin of the Allier contains the following, addressed on the 14th inst. by the

sub-prefect of Gannat, to the prefect of the department of the Allier:

"M. PRESVER.—I know not how to give you information of a frightful crime, committed on the 13th ult. in the commune of Biost. M. <sup>le</sup> means to recoil at tracing details so terrible to a young woman 25 years of age, has just murdered her father, her mother, her brother, and two sisters.

On the 13th of December, Amable Alibert, of the commune of Biost, a respectable man, poor, and with a large family, was obliged, by the bad state of his affairs to sell a part of his property. His daughter, Madeline Albert, of a violent character, of suspected morals, and notoriously accustomed to abuse her father and mother, reproached her father in language the most violent on account of his age, and ended by imperiously demanding a part of the sum which he had received. The father refused, mentioning to her at the same time the state of his affairs; she insulted and abused him outrageously. The father vexed and affronted at the insolence of his daughter, gave her several blows on the shoulders, and ordered her to go to bed. She obeyed and went to bed. A quarter of an hour after she seized an axe, and advanced without noise towards the fire side where her father, mother, and three brothers and sisters, were warming themselves.

She struck a blow with the axe at her father's head, laid open his skull and in spite of the cries of her family she repeated the blows. He was killed by the first stroke; and one of the wounds would have been sufficient to deprive the unfortunate man of life. They were so deep that the monster must have had extraordinary strength to produce them. She then turned herself on her mother, without being soothed by her prayers and sighs, struck her two times with the hatchet, and laid her at her feet. Her two sisters, one eleven, the other three years old, met with no greater mercy. She struck the eldest both on the head and neck, but did not kill her, because the poor creature crept under the bed.

These numerous crimes did not satiate the tyro. She seized her youngest sister who held her mother's body, took her in her arms, and struck her alive as she was in a w<sup>l</sup>l.

"Of all this family a brother, 12 years old, survived by a kind of miracle. He was so fortunate as to creep behind a trunk to open the door, and to make his escape, calling for assistance. Madeline Albert added so much strength to the refinement of her cruelty. She called to her brother, requested him to return, and proposed to do him no harm. In a voice the most mild and calm, she endeavored to prevail on the boy to return to the house; but he was too much terrified; he ran away and took shelter in the house of a man of the name of Richard. In consequence of his story, several of the inhabitants went to assist the family. They found Madeline Albert walking with great agitation in the house, with a large knife in her hand, with which she threatened to kill any one that should approach her. The darkness of the night, and the terror inspired by so dreadful a sight, paralyzed the courage of these men; they durst not advance and seize her. In their presence Madeline Albert took from her mother's pocket the key of a cupboard, opened it, took out the money that was in it, and went out of the house, without any of the spectators having the courage to seize her or follow her. It is supposed that she is gone towards Riom or Clermont; the gens d'armes are in pursuit of her.

"I have the honor to be, &c.

"SARTIGES."

## COURT OF HYMEN

### MARRIED

On Saturday evening by the Rev. Mr. Conner, Mr. Wm. Herbert, Whitlock to Miss Hannah Stevens, both of this city.

On Monday evening by the Rev. Mr. Broadhead, Col. Francis Satow to Miss Anna B. Lloyd.

On Thursday morning last at St. John's Church by the Rev. Dr. Hobart, Mr. John Oldham, merchant, to Miss Maria E. Worth, daughter of the late Mr. John E. Worth.

At Staten Island on Saturday evening last by the Rev. David Moore, Mr. Wm. Judson, Cooper, of the firm of Cooper and Kessler, merchants of this city, to Miss Eliza Seaman of the former place.

At Mount Pleasant on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Emanuel L. Carroll, Mr. Jacob S. Solis of this city, to Miss Charity Hays, daughter of Mr. David Hays of Mount Pleasant, N.Y.

In Chester County Penn. on the tenth last Mr. Jacob Worthman to Miss Catharine Moonshire; and on the thirteenth Mr. Worthman cautions all persons against trusting his wife Catharine.—A short honey moon!

At Blooming Grove, Orange county, on Saturday evening the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Grant, Mr. Samuel B. Thompson, Miss Anna B. Lloyd, eldest daughter of Wm. Beck all of the same place.

On the 16th ult. at Connecticut Farms N.J. by the Rev. Mr. Thompson, Mr. William S. Chapman merchant of the city of New York, to Miss Abby Beach daughter of the late Col. Beach of Newark,

### MORTALITY.

### DIED

On Friday morning the 26th ult. Mr. George Cald. well, aged 60 years.

On Sunday evening last Mrs. Mary Halsted, wife of Capt. Benj. Halsted, in the 23d year of her age.

On Monday afternoon of a lingering illness, Miss Jane Remsen, daughter of John Remsen.

In the West Indies, of a malignant fever, Wm. Wilcock, jun. son of Wm. Wilcock of this city

### NEW AND INCREASING

### CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

### CHARLES N. BALDWIN.

Having opened a Circulating Library at No. 2 Chatham Square, adjoining the New Watch-House; solicits the assistance of the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, hoping to give general satisfaction by procuring every new work of merit as soon as published.

The collection at present contains near one thousand volumes, in almost every class of literature, which tends "to raise the genius and to mend the heart," and may be had on the following moderate terms.

Per Annum	dots, \$ 00
Per Six Months	\$ 00
Per Quarter	\$ 00
Per Month	75
Per single volume (octavo)	12 1/2
Per do (duodecimo)	6
Payable half in advance.	

N. B. On the 1st of May, the Library will be removed to No. 106 Chatham-street, opposite Russell street.

COURT OF APOLLO.

BY MISS BALFOUR.

The sun was set, the sea was calm,  
The evening breeze had died away,  
The falling dew was fraught with balm,  
And nature bask'd in summer lay,  
'Twas then I left the heath clad hill,  
And hasten'd towards the spreading tree,  
To meet beside the winding rill.  
My Eva delish gramaress.

That night of bliss too swiftly flew,  
While yours of endless love we wore  
Ah! what avail'd our loves to true,  
When doom'd by fate to meet no more,  
A fever over her limbs were spread,  
Which tor'd her soon from love and me,  
And cold and lowly the bed  
Where rests my delish gramaress.

Though years are past my heart o'erflow'd  
Not yet has ceased with grief to swell  
Nor peace nor ease my bosom knows,  
Save on the mournful theme to dwell,  
And oft when evenings dying gale,  
Light brushes o'er th' silv'ring sea,  
In anguish o'er her grave I walk  
My Eva delish gramaress!

TWO OF A TRADE.

A Fisherman one morn display'd  
Upon the Steine his net,  
Cousin could not promenade  
And gan to fence and fust.

The fisher cried ' Give o'er the spines  
We both are in one line,  
You sp'ead your nets upon the Steine,  
Why may not I spread mine?

Two of a trade can never agree,  
Tis that which makes you sore,  
I fish for flat fish in the sea,  
And you upon the shore.

PLEDGE OF BEAUTY.

Friendship is the bond of reason,  
But if beauty disapprove,  
Heaven divolves all other treason  
In the heart that's true to love.

The faith which to my friend I swore,  
As a girl o' th' I view,  
But to the charms which I adore,  
Tis religion to be true.

ROSE BUDS.

Gather your Rose Buds while you may,  
Old time is ever dying,  
And that sweet flower which smiles to day,  
To-morrow may be dying.

Wisely improve the present hour  
Be innocently gay,  
Slight not the pleasures in your power,  
Which will not cannot stay.

OUR PASSIONS

True, Lydius; but think not so,  
Another truth to show,  
Our Fashions makes our Virtues go,  
But makes our Vices run;

EDWARD ROCKWELL

No. 200 Broadway,

Respectfully informs his friends and customers  
that he makes and has, for sale a large assortment of  
fashionable gold Ear-rings some plain, fine gold pearl  
and finger some with cornelian and pearl, Topaz &  
pearl with hair do, drops do, with cornelian, topaz  
and pearl of the newest patterns a large assortment of  
pearl and plain bracelets, brooches bracelets and  
necklaces pearl and plain Finger Rings, Miniature  
Settings, lockets, watch chains, keys and seals, ele-  
gant silver tea sets, soup ladles, table deserts and  
tea spoons, sugar tongs, salt spoons, silver snuff boxes,  
thimbles, currant bowls and pencil cases.

He also fashionable plain silver, garnet and  
edge candlesticks and brackets, brackets, match boxes,  
candlesticks, do snuffers and trays with silver  
gadroons and shells, liquor jugs, bread baskets  
with silver gadroons and shells, fruit baskets, dinte  
cruet and soy frames, crest frames with rich cut  
glass of 6, 7 and 8 bottles, with silver gadroon  
shells and feet, bottle stands, soup ladles, low priced  
candlesticks and castors.

Morocco pocket books, snuff boxes, tortoise shell,  
pearl and tulipan sugar boxes, silver gilt, plated and  
steel spectacles, pen holders, Johnson's knives, razors,  
cacos, scissors tooth brushes, alabaster, bouquin  
books and eyes, cornelian corsets, mother, pearl and  
gold heads, table knives and forks Steel and Carver's  
Britannia tea pots, tortoise shell and ivory combs and  
variety of articles appropriate to his line of busi-  
ness which are too numerous to mention which he  
will sell at the lowest prices.

Feb 23

JUST RECEIVED

A large and elegant as-  
sortment of Neplas ultralite  
tissues, with three blade  
also, magnum bones and  
elated steel of a fine qual-  
ity. Gentleman's portable  
shaving cases, and ladies  
and gentlemen's japaned  
dressing cases of different sizes for sale by  
Mr. Smith Chemical Perfumer from London, at  
the Golden Rose No 150 Broadway corner of Liberty  
Street.

Also the following articles as usual, with many  
other too numerous to mention. Rose oil. Antique for  
curling glassing thickening and preserving the hair  
and preventing its turning—chymical cosmetic wash  
balsam his fine cosmetic cold cream, cleas and pre-  
vents the skin from chapping, odour of roses for smelling  
bottles. Smiths improved chymical milk of roses  
Smiths pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair, violet  
soap. Smiths tooth paste, warranted his superfine  
white hair powder, violet rose. A. G. Smiths royal  
soap for washing the skin. Smiths highly improved  
hard and soft pomatum. Smiths balsamic lip salve.  
Kossa Smiths lotion for the teeth his purified alpine  
shaving cake, made on chymical principle to help the  
operation of shaving. Smiths celebrated case plaster  
elastic worsted and cotton Garrets, salt of Lemon for  
taking out iron molds ladies and gentlemen's pocket  
books the best warranted concave razors elastic razors  
strops shaving boxes Penknives scissors tortoise shell  
ivory and horn comb smelling bottles &c. Grecian  
allowances to those who buy to sell again. Toob  
Powder and opiate black pins tooth and cloth brushes  
vegetable rouge and pearl cosmetic lavender colour  
honey hungry rose Jessamine. Can de miel and eau  
Tave water shaving powder—court plaster, &c.

C. Merchants supplied wholesale for exportation  
New Novels &c, for sale at the Office

New Novels for sale at this Office.

Scottish Chiefs  
Dominican  
Clebs in search of a Wife  
Adeline Mowbray  
Brave of Venice  
Leora  
Ella Rosenburgh  
Soldiers Love and Sailors Friendship  
Saracen 3 vols.  
Modern Ship of Fools, &c.

ALSO

Just received a neat pocket edition of Young's  
Night Thoughts (price 76 cents).

SALES AT AUCTION

EDGERTON & MENDONCA  
No. 120 Wall Street.

This evening at half past 6 o'clock, a Valentine  
lection of Books, of Law, Divinity, History, Po-  
etry, Novels &c.

N. B. There will be Sales of Books on every  
Saturday Evening, through the season  
Catalogues on the day of sale.

CHEAP SHOE STORE



At No. 91 Broadway,  
Opposite Trinity Church

The following assortment of Ladies Shoes, all  
being at the most reduced prices.

A large and elegant supply of the new ladies  
Shoes to buckle, double and single sole.

Likewise London dress slippers to buckle, the last  
fashion from Europe.

Grecian Sandals, and all the different kinds of  
Shoes now worn.

Slips, Boot and Lace Boots  
Misses and Children's Shoes of all the above  
kinds, being all made of the best materials  
the latest importations.

MATERIALS.

Kid and Morocco dress and undress, satin, velvet,  
silk, jaspe, shantung, cambric, &c. of all the  
favorite colours now worn in Europe and America.

A large and elegant assortment of the newest  
joined silver and plated buckles of the most  
fancy patterns, sold lower than they can be had  
elsewhere.

A constant supply of the above articles may  
be had by applying at the above number.

HIRAM GARDNER

TAKE NOTICE

It will be well worth the attention of the ladies  
in this city, and elsewhere, to apply as above, on  
account of the cheapness but the superior qual-  
ity of the materials with which the articles are  
manufactured.

March 30 1847

Window Blinds of every description for Sale. All  
blinds repaired and painted in the newest  
Caterina made, & put in the ground and varnished  
tight by C. GILFORD  
No 15 Catharine street near the Watch house

WANTED

A number of young Ladies to ret. Fringe for  
sols at M. Robinson's No. 49 Maiden Lane

PRINCE EGYPTIAN'S TINCTURE

FOR

THE TEETH AND GUMS.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

A young lady of taste and experience in Mil-  
waukee is wanted by

MRS RUTHVEN

169 William

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY CHARLES HARRISON

NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER